MAN!

"Man is the measure-ment of everything."

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ADELANTE, COMPANEROS!

Amidst the sombre and abysmal night of reaction spreading its deadly pall over a submissive world of serfs and eunuchs, you have raised the glaring torch of revolt, o Spanish comrades. Armed with an inadequate ancient weapon and an everlasting beautiful faith, you are bravely shedding your blood and giving your lives to stem the advancing tide of a savage and all-oppressing reaction.

In a supposedly civilized era of scientific, industrial and social progress, in a sophisticated world boasting of its accomplishments in the field of human relations, of Social Contracts, Rights of Man, Freedom of Thought and the Pursuit of Happiness, the impossible and the inconceivable has happened: from the millenary oblivion, from the unfathomable depths of ignominy, the revolting, thrice-damned black beast of terroristic opression has been resurrected from its grave of shame and malediction.

The old, decrepit and putrid corpse, intrusted to the deft hands of social embalmers mastering the arts of deception and demagogry, was brought onto new life thru' a process employing the cosmetics and tinsels of newly concocted social doctrines.

It was renamed Fascism.

However, under the new and yet inadequate regalia, the infamous stigmas of yore could be divined. And before long, the relics of the unconsummate carcass revealed their true nature.

Again, it was the obstinate incorrigible sadism of the brute; the self-conceited reign of Might; the onslaught on individual and collective freedom: barbarism versus humanity.

The age-dulled, rusty, spine-chilling tools of torture, given a reviving immersion in proletarian blood, once again were pressed into use: banishment, chains, starvation, nail-pulling, eyepiercing, rape, murder and massacre were honorably revived, while Humanity, thrown into an inexplicable spell of inanity, stood by, looking aghast and paralyzed at its own crucifixion.

Magnificent and daring deeds of individual revolt faded into an ignominious twilight of irresponsiveness.

Hell has been loose for three lusters.

Then, when the monster engaged in another onward attack, you arose, o people of Spain! And your glorious deed dispelled the darkness enfolding an overawed world.

You have given light to Humanity.

Adelante, companeros!

* * *

You have given light to Humanity. Ultimately you will give Humanity its freedom.

You have many enemies, but the hearts of the workers of the world are with you. And you have your indomitable faith and your beautiful aim of social justice.

Workers of Spain! As ever before, the Church, your eternal enemy, is stabbing you morally and physically. The damnable shadows of Dominic of Guzman and Ignatius Loyola, lurking from the ominous blankness of convents and monasteries, are today personified by sniping priests and monks who, substituting the cross with a rifle and a dagger, abet and perpetrate murder. Remember!

For the black centuries of tyranny over the fathers, for the shame, the submission, the serfdom vested onto one generation after another, for the thousand and one tortures of the Inquisition, for the galleys, the thumbscrew, the rack, the block, the ax, the cross and the gallows:

Adelante, companeros!

* * *

Remember the dynasty of syphilitic degenerates ruling with the might of a mercenary sword and living in an orgy of luxury and incestuous libertinism, while the people—robbed of their sweat and blood—starved in the deadly exhalations of the slums.

Remember the feudal barons who held the title to the fertile land, who held the destiny of the oppressed and exploited peasantry and the lives of the stolid miners, who dared death to bring the hidden treasures of the earth to light.

They shall not come back.

Adelante, companeros!

You know the politicians, workers of Spain. Promising everything in exchange for power, yet giving nothing. Time and again they have deceived and betrayed you. When you have demanded that their promises be made good, when you have protested their betrayals and their subterfuges, when, realizing their impotence and dishonesty, you have tried to take matters into your own hands, to come into your own and see that finally there would be justice, hot lead and cold steel have been meted to you; you have had persecution and banishment, imprisonment and executions, blood and massacre: you have had Casa Viejas.

Do not let the politicians' alluring promises ever deceive you again. Let them fall in the social mire whence they have arisen. You have a faith; you have a social goal. You also have the necessary arms with which to carry on for the attainment of this goal. Do not surrender your arms. Onward to your destiny.

Adelante, companeros!

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Workers of Spain, through a magnificent and heroic struggle, you are making history. This luminous, indelible page of history, which you are writing with your own blood, will remain for generations to come, regardless of the outcome of the struggle. The workers of the world salute you. Be ye undefeated!

For the exhuberant youth falling in self-immolation on the trenches of social war; for the serene courage of the elders who sacrifice family and home; for the precocious children stolidly enduring the misery and hardships of a revolution; for the heroism and abnegations of the women—wives, sisters and mothers who, in a miraculous transfiguration, have become your angels and your comrades; for your life and our life; for the freedom of Humanity:

Adelante, companeros!

WALTER BROOKS.

AN APPEAL

We must send money to our Spanish Comrades who are fighting so valiantly. They need arms to carry on the fight. Send your contribution now. MAN! will gladly accept them and forward them to our comrades in Spain.

BEHIND THE LINES IN SPAIN

When the Fascists and militarists of Spain took to the streets during the night of July 18th, something started which, no matter what the ultimate solution of the present conflict may be, is bound to have deep consequences in modern history, within and without Spain.

The fact that the legitimate, constitutional and democratic Government of Spain found itself at that moment utterly defenseless, unable to rely upon its own armed forces, testifies to the improvidence as well as to the failure of the system upon which it was founded. You can't help concluding that there must be something fundamentally erroneous in the policies of statesmen who allow themselves to be brought to so helpless a situation, and with a system of Government which is bound to place the State in such an absurd predicament.

Anyhow, on July 18th, the Spanish government found itself before this humiliating dilemma: either it surrender to the mutinous army officers of the "Union Militar Espanola", or it call upon the people to defend itself and the regime.

The latter horn of a fateful dilemma was chosen. The people were only too eager to fight against the putsch engineered by the "Union Militar" and the clergy and Fascist elements by whom it was supported. But what kind of "people"?

Nominally, by far the largest majority of the Spanish people. The elimination of the Military, Aristocratic and Clerical castes as the ruling class has long been overdue in Spain. The majority of the people feel that their country must liquidate the feudal power of these castes, if it has to place itself at a level with the more civilized nations.

But the "people" who were ready to fight and shed their blood to bring this about are very special classes of the Spanish people: peasants and workers who had for decades been fighting against entrenched privilege, under the banners of socialist organizations; peasants and workers who had for decades been fighting for their bread and liberty under the flags of Syndacalist organizations, or of the Anarchist movement—and these, together with intellectuals of various descriptions who had long since cast their lot with the subversive proletarian multitude, amounted to several million Spaniards of both sexes.

These were the forces which undertook the defense of the Spanish Constitutional Government on July 18th, when this seemingly strange fact took place: the only forces in Spanish Society willing to fight and die for the defense of a political regime which was bourgeois and, hence, conservative in its composition and in its aims, were potentially subversive forces whose avowed aim was precisely to liquidate that regime. Of course, this contradiction is only apparent. Political democracy is condemned to be an utterly impotent window show unless it is the legal expression of a more or less widespread economical democracy. Spain was on July 18th—over five years since the founding of the Republic—nominally democratic in its politics and at the same time fundamentally feudal in its economics. The great illusion of Spanish democracy was that the democratic Government might be able to transform the surviving aristocratic and feudal economy of the country by legal means. Such things simply do not happen in history. No economical regime, no matter how antiquated, has ever been fundamentally altered except by revolutionary means.

Therefore, the strangest thing that happened on that fateful July night is not that the revolutionary section of the Spanish people took up arms in the defense of their Constitutional Government, but that this Government was so surprised at the sudden, altho inevitable, vanishing of their illusion, that they consented to give the appearance of legality to what must have appeared to them as the beginning of a political and economical upheaval of great import—the beginning of the Social Revolution long since aimed at by the Spanish people.

The Fascist revolt gave the people of Spain the opportunity to arm themselves—a thing which the republican Government had always prevented before—and to set themselves to the portentous task of accomplishing, by violent and revolutionary means, such transformation of the social regime as the democratic politicians had vainly promised to accomplish for five long years, and more.

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OUR COMRADES WHO FALL

The circle is broken,—one seat is forsaken,—
One bud from the tree of our friendship is shaken,—
One heart from among us no longer shall thrill
With joy in our gladness, or grief in our ill.
J. G. Whittier

Francisco Ascaso

The story of Francisco Ascaso's life is the apex of the true revolutionist. No revolution is possible unless such men as Francisco Ascaso precede and prepare it.

Francisco Ascaso was born in Almudevar, province of Huesca, in 1901. At 14 years of age, in Saragozza, he was already in the heat of the fight. He was arrested together with many others accused of rebellion and, after a long detention, was sentenced to imprisonment, then pardoned on account of his age.

The social war in Spain was raging. In 1923, Cardinal Soldevilla, one of the mainstays of reaction, was killed. Francisco Ascaso, together with his friends Durutti and Jover—who are still at the front in the fight—was charged with the killing. He was arrested, slated for trial and would certainly have been condemned to death, had he not succeeded in escaping from prison before the trial.

Then came the coup of general Primo de Rivera. Absolute Monarchy was restored under his dictatorship. Many were arrested. Liberty was suppressed. Workers' organizations were disbanded. Means had to be found to defend the prisoners, to help their families, to continue the struggle for liberty. Ascaso was one of those who took this task to heart.

His life was in perpetual danger. He was hounded day and night—but means were found with which to defend the imprisoned ones and help their children. Considerable riches passed through the hands of Ascaso and his friends—but their hands remained untainted. They were fighting for a great cause, not looting for themselves.

Finally life became impossible for him in Spain. Francisco Ascaso went to Mexico, Cuba, Chile, Argentine, where his struggles continued without repose. Everywhere he carried his revolt against oppression, his fight for liberty—for the freedom not only of his native country, but of men in all countries. And everywhere persecution followed him.

In Argentina, he was sentenced to die. He went to France where he was arrested in 1926 on suspicion of having prepared an attentat against King Alfonso, visiting Paris. He was then threatened with extradition to Argentina and Spain. The French workers saved him, forcing their government to respect the right of asylum for political refugees. He was expulsed from France after his release and sought refuge in Belgium, where he was at last accorded some respite.

The Spanish Revolution of April 14, 1931, found him in Barcelona where he took the lead of the Anarcho-syndicalist movement.

On July 19, 1936, at the head of a group of comrades fighting for the possession of the Ataranzas barracks, in Barcelona, where a cohort of fascists and reactionary army officers had entrenched themselves, Francisco Ascaso was mortally wounded by machine-gun fire and died shortly after.

"A man of pure character"—says of him the French writer, Georges Pioch, who knew him—"a man of great will power, ever ready to give his life for his ideals—such a man was Francisco Ascaso, who had just died in Barcelona, arms in hand fighting, not for Spain, for which he didn't care any more than he did for any other country, but more simply and more highly, for freedom, which was to him the universal fatherland where, above all the frontiers by which human beings are parked, man, conscious and adult maker of his own salvation, will be able at last to reconcile himself".

Michele Centrone

Michele Centrone is an Italian comrade who died on August 28th, last, fighting against the Spanish Fascists, on the Aragon front.

He was 57 years old and has left behind him a life well filled with good deeds.

Although he had been born in Southern Italy, he came to the anarchist movement in Milan where, still in his teens, he had gone to work. He was arrested for the first time in 1898 during the bloody repression of General Bava Beccaris, and, no crime being imputable to him, he was sent back to his home town by the police. Two years later, when Gaetano Bresci, in nearby Monza, executed King Umberto, who had publicly honored Bava Beccaris for his atrocious massacre of the Milanese, Michele Centrone was again arrested in Milan and sent back to his home town.

Shortly, thereafter, he left again, but this time not for Milan. He came to the United States, instead, and went to San Francisco, where he remained till 1920, when he was deported to Italy, by Mitchell Palmer and consorts.

His activity in San Francisco is still remembered by many. He was always at the center of things in that city, always in the first ranks of the Anarchist movement. For many years he was also an officer of the Carpenters' Union, Local 92, carpentry being his trade.

When the Fascist reaction took possession of the government in Italy, in 1922, Centrone was forced to expatriate. An attempt of his to re-enter the United States failed. So he went to France, then to Belgium, from where he was expulsed; when the civil war broke out in

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Behind the Lines

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Once the revolutionary proletariat armed itself, the Government was deprived of all authority. To give it the appearance of a revolutionary Government, immediately after the fall of Irun, early in September, a new Government was formed from the Parties of the "Frente Popular," and a majority of Marxists were placed in it. But it is apparent, to this day, that the political power of the Madrid Government is limited by the effective power of local labor organizations. The workers in arms are at last conscious of their strength and importance and are determined to make this consciousness of theirs felt. Only the panic brought about by the persistent victories of the Fascists is bound to restore, in the name of necessity, the power and authority of the Government—if it shows convincingly that it is body and soul in the fight against Fascism.

Up to now, almost all powers seem to be invested in local coalition governments of workers' organizations. The Bay of Biscay region has a Government of its own; so have the Levante provinces around Valencia, and so has Catalonia.

* * *

What is taking place in Catalonia is of paramount interest to us.

Here, Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists form a majority of the people in the anti-fascist ranks. Since the beginning of the civil war, they have been foremost in shaping policies of government and of defense. The fact that the anti-fascist offensive in Aragon has continuously, although modestly, been successful, points to certain merits in the way they are waging the civil war not visible elsewhere, with the possible exception of the Asturian front, where the miners of that region are struggling with unsurpassed fortitude.

No sooner had that civil war started in the streets of Barcelona, than it became apparent that the Government of the Catalan Generalidad had lost all semblance of power. At the suggestion of Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists, the anti-fascist militia was formed, as was a committee composed of representatives of all labor organizations, to direct its operations.

At the beginning of the month of August, President Companys of the Catalan Autonomous State, abdicated his powers to the President of the Parliament of Catalonia, Juan Casanovas. But as the Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists, representing a majority of the working and fighting people, were not represented in that Government, its authority was more nominal than else. Finally, on September 27th, it was dissolved, and a Defense Council took its place. This Council was constituted at the suggestion of the Anarchist and Anarcho-syndicalist elements, and they are represented together with all other shades of political and labor organizations having an anti-fascist stand.

Of course, the mere change of the name of the Catalan Government into that of Defense Council does not necessarily change the substance, and the latter may as well be a Government in fact as the former was in name. It may also be found strange that Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists are represented in such a governing body. All we can say is that we don't know what its powers are and that, in our opinion, Anarchists who take part in a governing body cannot possibly be Anarchists but in name. We must bear in mind—though—that our Spanish comrades— who have always had peculiar conceptions of Anarchism—are confronted with a terrible situation: they are at war—a civil war, which is a war nevertheless. To wage the war against Fascism is for them a matter of life or death; to wage it with a probability of success they must conciliate all the social forces which are susceptible to be mustered against Fascism; therefore, they must meet the terms of all the other social movement forces against Fascism: Republicans, Socialists, Communists of different shades, and find a common terrain in compromise.

Far be it from me to even attempt to justify any conversion from Anarchism to Statism. But this much must be kept in mind: war always has been a tomb, never a means, of revolution.

* * *

Meanwhile, remarkable events have taken place.

Property belonging to the Fascists, properties which had been abandoned by lay and clerical sympathizers with the Fascists, riches accumulated by churches and convents, have been confiscated in the name of Society and put to use for the common welfare of the people.

Public services have been socialized. Great factories, railroad lines, shipping firms, large land properties, have been appropriated in the name of the community and are being operated by the workers through their syndicates. Large buildings have been put to public use. Rents have been reduced 50%. Small properties belonging to persons remaining loyal to the anti-fascist cause have not been laid hands upon.

Generally speaking, the authority of the syndicates has been substituted for the authority of large corporations. Public Utilities and large Industries have been made into Public Services, and, according to reports, the results seem to be very favorable.

The workers are elated, of course, by such transformations. They feel that at last they are taking an active part in the operation of the social economy. And, as a more even distribution of goods has been substituted for the careless commerce of the old capitalistic regime, they feel that they are battling for themselves, for their own bread and their own children's future.

The aims of the Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists of Catalonia—and also of other sections of the country where they are a considerable minority—have of course, not been changed. Wherever they succeed to conquer a village or a city from the Fascists, they proclaim the end of private monopoly and the reign of liberty and justice. Their revolutionary aims are obviously the same. In fact, we read of cities which live under a system of almost perfect Communistic Anarchism, of others which stubbornly attempt to bring about such a situation.

The question is how far they may be able to attain their revolutionary and libertarian aims, hard pressed as they are by the war—and the consequent necessity of compromising with authoritarian elements. Also, how long may their realization last in those places where it has more or less been attained, when so many, besides the Fascists, are anxious to impose their own authority on the people?

Already we hear Communists and Socialists and others scream that to win the war against Fascism all power must be invested in the hands of a central strong authoritarian Government.

Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists in Catalonia have adopted a very reasonable attitude towards Socialists and opposition Communists — the Centrist Communists being a very small minority in Catalonia. This attitude consists of a loyal recognition of their minority rights, on condition that equal rights be recognized to the Anarchists and Anarcho-syndicalists wherever the latter are in a minority. This is very well. But we know that, in times of hard strife, these authoritarians are willing to compromise. But we know also that no sooner have the hardships of difficult times passed, are they ready to avail themselves of the advantages they have enjoyed to impose themselves upon the libertarians and suppress them?

Our Spanish comrades, striving behind the fighting lines to bring about a profound transformation of their country's economical and social life, know this much as well as we do, if not better—and it is to be hoped that they are preparing themselves for this emergency, which is not imminent—the victory over the Fascist common enemies being a condition thereto.

What seems to this writer the weaker spot in this connection is the concentration of the economic power in Catalonia in the hands of the syndicates. Their function is akin to the function of the Soviets in Revolutionary Russia. The Communist Party there succeeded in imposing its own private dictatorship by absorbing the Soviets and appropriating their power and jurisdiction. Are the Spanish Comrades well assured that their own syndicates are not susceptible to such a transformation or absorption by any single party or combination of authoritarian parties?

* * *

To conclude, no doubt exists but that the Spanish workers are today fighting not only to defeat Fascism but also to bring about a social and economical revolution which was long overdue in their still semi-feudal country.

The Anarchist and Anarcho-syndicalist movements are playing a role of prime importance in this dual struggle. This they are doing with unsurpassed courage and valour at the front lines, and with considerable determination behind the lines.

But we must not imagine that they are building the Anarchist form of Society in anything approaching the ideal we have often read about in our literature. This they cannot do for several reasons: first, because their ideal of Anarchist Society, or Libertarian Communism, as they prefer to call it, may be very different from ours; secondly, because their revolution, having been brought about by a Fascist attempt on July 18th, 1936, has the disadvantage of having started at a time not chosen by them but imposed upon them; thirdly, because they are trying to accomplish a social revolution while engaged in a war which is atrocious and absorbs the best of their time, of their men and of their resources; fourth, because to win the war against Fascism they are forced to compromise with authoritarian elements.

For all these reasons, we must not expect from our Spanish comrades more than they can possibly give.

But although aware of their possible deviations from the theoretical principles of Anarchism according to our conception, we cannot but approve of their struggle and help them carry the terrible burden they have been called to bear. And, leaving upon them the full responsibilty of their own deeds, we must admire their indomitable valor, sustain them with all possible means in our reach, in the tremendous effort they are making to resist the scourge of Fascism.

INTERNATIONAL HOOK-UP

The Spanish situation is by this time as clear as crystal water.

It is a fact that within Spain nine tenths of the people are against fascism. According to all foreign witnesses, this population includes men and women of all classes, creeds and avocation. It consists of democrats and liberals, republicans and monarchists, socialists, syndicalists and anarchists; agnostics as well as Catholics; peasants and intellectuals; tradesmen and sailors. They are all fighting side by side, towards the common aim of preserving their country and themselves from the scourge of fascism.

Against this overwhelming majority of the Spanish people determined to live as free as possible, is a handful of privileged castes afraid of losing their traditional power and prestige. These castes—the militarists, aristocrats, feudal land owners, richest capitalists, the upper hierarchy of the Catholic church—are numerically few but economically powerful.

On one hand we have the people—a people in arms which is a great social force. By strength of numbers and determination, rather than by the beurocratic channels of routine government, this people is bound to make its will felt more quickly and strongly.

On the other hand, we have the privileged castes who, left to themselves, would have been unable to resist for any length of time the concerted armed opposition of the people. Fostering fascism, they call themselves Nationalists. . . Yet the Spanish nation is unanimously against the fascists. Moreover, in order to fight the Spanish nation, these self-styled Nationalists employ African mercenary troops, alien money and alien arms. They would have been bound to fail against them, had they not found support from the outside.

In fact, behavior and sentiment outside Spain go along the same lines.

The peoples of Europe, those who still have a chance to express their opinions, favor the Spanish people. Almost everywhere, by word and deeds, they have expressed their sympathy. The United States and some of the most autocratic republics of Latin America are the only places where people are generally indifferent to the fate and struggle of the Spanish people. This is a shame cast on the so-called democracies of the New World. However, in Europe—in England, France, Belgium, the Scandinivian countries, Russia—the common people have taken sides against fascism. Even in Italy and Germany, those who have been able to escape from the prison into which fascism has transformed their own country have gone to Spain and taken up arms against the fascist generals.

Contrary to the wish of their people, all governments, instead, have sided with the Spanish fascists. Some have done so openly—Italy, Germany and Portugal. They have sent arms, ammunitions, airplanes and money to the so-called nationalists of Generals Franco and Mola. And there is more than a suspicion that these governments have taken an active part in the preparation of the fascist revolt. At any rate, it is clear that they recognize these "nationalists" as their allies whom they defend even to the extent of provoking a general war in order to sustain them.

Other governments give their aid to the Spanish fascists in a less overt way. Upon the initiative of the "Popular Front" government of France, a non-intervention policy has been resorted to, a policy which, to say the least, operates in a very strange way. The fascist powers are allowed to send arms and ammunition to their own fascist allies waging an atrocious war against the constitutional government and the loyal people of Spain, while the non-fascist powers are threatened with reprisals and even war if they sell arms and ammunition to the supposedly friendly government of the Spanish republic. Unfortunately, the democratic government of England, the social-democratic government of France, the bolshevik government of Russia subscribe to such a policy.

Of course, this "non-intervention" policy is rank hypocrisy. What this hypocrisy really hides is a "holy alliance" among all the powers—to which, in a fit of indignation against "rampant atheism," the Cathoiic church is a party—to suffocate the Spanish people under the ruthless terror of an international army of international fascism, operating through the bastard nationalism of General Francisco Franco.

The reasons for this unholy alliance are easy to discuss. *The powers of the world are afraid of the Spanish people.* Their cry for liberty is accompanied by so heroic a display of courage and fortitude that their victory against fascism would certainly mark the beginning of the decay of dictatorship all over the world. It would be a bad example for the peoples of the world, and governments have concerted themselves to do all in their power to prevent such an example. Furthermore, all powers are more or less interested in the preservation of the old capitalistic order in Spain. They are interested because almost all the basic industries, mines and utilities in Spain have been and are financed by capitals belonging to French, German, English, Belgian and American magnates. These governments defend the so-called non-intervention policy on the pretext that if they sell arms to the Spanish government, as international law entitles them to, war would result. For, fascist governments are set on not allowing Spain to go radical. If this were true, it would mean that all Europe, and, consequently, all the world, is at the mercy of the fascist powers. It would mean the complete surrender, without a struggle, of all democratic governments to the blackmail of a few dictators.

Of course, no one believes this. As was the case in the Ethiopian war, democratic governments claim to be powerless in the face of capitalist aggression—because they feel that it is in their best interest to let the fascists reach their aims without any real opposition on their part. Any resistance they tend to show is feigned—a smoke-screen for home and popular consumption. They do not surrender to fascist blackmail. On the contrary, they cooperate with the fascists in blackmailing their own peoples. They show they cannot pursue a different policy, since war would be the only alternative.

That this collective and cold blooded blackmail is meant to prevent war is more than false. Fascist Italy has emerged more provocative than ever from its Ethiopian adventure. France had hoped to prevent Mussolini from becoming Hitler's ally by giving him a carte blanche in Ethiopia. But now the alliance between Mussolini and Hitler is stronger than it has ever been before. A fascist victory in Spain is bound to bring results as dangerous to democracy and liberty. It will mean a new dictatorship in western Europe. France, caught between the Italian and German dictatorships on the east, the Franco dictatorship on the south, will soon fall prey to its own capitalist oligarchy, long since hoping for a dictator of its own. The traditional bellicosity of dictatorships need not be demonstrated anew to prove that, by supporting, either directly or indirectly, the Spanish fascists, the governments of Europe are working together to precipitate war rather than prevent it. They have obviously agreed to let the anti-fascist government of Spain fight alone, unarmed.

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Our Comrades Who Fall

(*Continued from Page* 2)

Spain, his advanced age notwithstanding, he went to Barcelona and hence to the front.

A bullet caught him in full forehead early the morning of August 28, 1936, and he died an instant death.

He was a man of solid convictions, of great courage, and of unsurpassed honesty. His death seals an exemplary Anarchist life of labor, idealism and firmness of character.

Emile Cottin

The news of the death of Émile Cottin was broadcast from Barcelona on October 14th.

He had fallen at the Aragon front, where he had been only a few weeks.

Émile Cottin was a French comrade of rare courage and deep conviction.

On February 19th, 1919, when barely in his twenties, he shot at the great George Clemenceau, at the moment when the latter was leaving his home for his office in Paris. Georges Clemenceau was then Prime Minister and virtual dictator of France. He was the leader of the most obstinate Nationalists and had carried out the last phase of the war period with ruthless policies applied with more ruthless methods. Had he died at that moment, the peace terms imposed by the so-called victors on the so-called vanquished nations of the World War might have been less vindictive, and all subsequent European history might have taken a different turn.

But Clemenceau was only slightly wounded and recovered completely in a short while.

Émile Cottin was arrested immediately, confessed fully to his act and intentions, and was brought before a Military Tribunal on March 15th, 1910. The trial was summary. He was sentenced to die on the guillotine.

At that time, the Clemenceau and militarist dictatorship over France was coming to an end. The people were rapidly discovering how they had been duped by their government's policies and bled by the military ruthlessness. The price and the frauds of war were becoming apparent. The Government's unauthorized intervention against Revolutionary Russia was brewing resentment and opposition and dangerous mutinies within the Army and the Navy. Furthermore, Raoul Villain, the Nationalist murderer who killed Jean Jaures, the Socialist and pacifist leader, on the eve of the war, in 1914, had yet to be brought to trial for his crime which was celebrated by the two hundred percenters as a great patriotic deed. No judge dared punish Raoul Villain for the suppression of Jean Jaures. As long as Villain remained unpunished, it would have been extremely unpolitical to guillotine Émile Cottin who had only scratched the skin of the "Tiger".

Old Clemenceau, who had a consummated political flair, understood he was playing with dangerous fire. So, he decided to assume the role of the generous despot and, trading life for life, induced the President of the Republic to commute Cottin's sentence of death to ten years in prison, to be followed by banishment from French territory.

Émile Cottin was in jail for four or five years. An amnesty caused his release. But, as he was unable to leave France, most frontiers being closed at the time, and no country being especially willing to play host to a regicide, he lived, thereafter, the life of the perpetually hounded outlaw. Any casual arrest meant for him at least half a dozen months in jail. This life impaired his health. Nevertheless, he always took an active part in the movement, never relenting in his convictions and courage.

Several Leftist Governments assumed power in France during this period, but none of them saw fit to relieve him of the cruel punishment to which Émile Cottin—a tracked alien within the land of his birth—was subjected. Not even the Popular Front Government headed by the Socialist Leon Blum dared do it, altho some pressure was brought upon it.

The Spanish Fascist rebellion of last July again called upon Cottin to take up arms. Like so many other valiant comrades of all nations, he went to Barcelona, and thence to the front, to fight side by side with the Spanish people, against the clerico-militarist scourge, in defense of Freedom.

Death takes him in the prime of his life. But, alas, such is the price of Liberty, that it must be paid with the life and blood of the best among men.

"La Libertaria"

On January 8th, 1933, a revolutionary movement started in various parts of Spain.

In Andalusia, the peasants, who had vainly waited for almost two years for the Republic to solve the big land problem, took part in the movement. In the village of Casas Viejas, one night a conflict between peasants and police took place, a civil guard losing his life in the battle.

The Government—a Republican Government headed by Senor Manuel Azana, the present President of the Republic—decided that an example should be made. From Cadiz departed a corps of 250 Assault Guards under order of taking no prisoners. In Casas Viejas they besieged the cottage of an old Anarchist nicknamed "Seisdedos" (the six-fingered), after having shot to death a blind man and a child. The besieged family of old "Seisdedos" — four men, a boy and a fourteen year old girl—defended themselves from the infuriated guards as best as they could, well knowing that they would be killed anyway. For over three hours they resisted the overwhelming strength of the besiegers. At the end of their ammunitions, they were all killed, including the boy and girl. Afterwards, the victorious guards organized a regular party. All the relatives of the dead family were killed. And as many suspected of affiliation with the anarchist movement were supressed as could be found. The total number of deaths amounted to at least twenty-five.

Senor Azana has done a great deal to clean himself of the responsibility in this mass murder, both in Parliament and in the press. But he was Prime Minister; he gave the orders, and the cruelty of his underlings in carrying them out does not condone his share in the fiendish massacre of Casas Viejas.

One member of the "Seisdedos" family survived — a niece of the old anarchist militant—Maria Silva Cruz, "La Libertaria".

Following the extermination of her family, she had been arrested and brought to trial. The kept press invented fantastic stories of how she had fought side by side with her menfolk, loading their guns during the siege, inciting them to resistance, and so on. She was described according to the usual tradition of the female revolutionist virago.

As a matter of fact, she was not in the house during the battle; otherwise she would have perished with the rest. Therefore, she was acquitted at the trial.

But her respite in life was to be of short duration. When the fascists arrived in her hometown, she was summarily executed for no other reason than that she was the niece of "Seisdedos" and nicknamed "La Libertaria".

* * *

These are but a few of our comrades who are daily falling in this great and important struggle. Death is but a part of this valiant battle. So, as we pause for a moment on the biers of our dead comrades, we must remember that they are not really dead, for they are leaving behind memories which are real examples of courage and faith. And we must be happy in realizing that they have left behind other comrades who, notwithstanding death, are ready to carry on.

IN RETROSPECT OF CURRENT EVENTS

Liberty's Celebration

"Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore;
Send these, the homeless, tempest tost, to me;
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

This is the significant inscription found on the impressive symbolic Statue of Liberty. It is only a statue, but it has its beauty and importance. The idea was conceived by the French sculptor Bartholdi and was offered by France as a gift to the United States on the first centenary of the Declaration of Independence. Since October 28, 1886, it has stood, on Bedloe Island, on the Hudson Bay, as a symbol and interpretation of American ideals and principles for which the forefathers of this country fought. For fifty years it has welcomed foreigners to this land of promise, this haven of refuge. For fifty years it has cast the light of its gleaming torch over the suffering masses. For fifty years it has inspired and consoled the tired who have not found in this country what the Statue of Liberty personifies.

Today, after fifty years, the nation celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of the landing of the Statue. In New York City an impressive ceremony was held on October 28th. It was most fitting that the president of the United States address the mass on so momentous an occasion. Roosevelt recalled the struggles of our forefathers and spoke of all that the government is now doing to preserve the rights and principles of this democracy.

But Roosevelt did not speak the truth, nor should the occasion have been one of celebration. The real truth is that the Statue of Liberty is the welcome to a country vast in territory and wealth, yet a country of infinite misery and poverty. The truth is that the Statue is a symbol of liberty and democracy, yet behind it stands a country whose rulers most emphatically trod upon these very principles. Yes, this is true, for we must remember that a hundred yards or so away is Ellis Island—where many foreigners are held and kept from entering this country; where many, after being in this country for many years, are sent to be deported to their native country, because they have grasped the real significance of the meaning of the Statue of Liberty and thought they had come to a country where they could at least have the freedom of thought and speech.

How many heartbreaks, how many sorrows, how many persecutions this statue shields! Behind its back is a country whose every action is a shame and betrayal to the name of the statue and the inscription it bears. Here a handful of rulers and capitalists are accumulating immeasurable wealth and exercising unlimited powers, while the great population dies of hunger or has to beg for its bread. Here a mere handful of adventurers and power-seeking men are continually trodding upon the basic constitutional rights of this government, while the people who defend these rights are tortured, persecuted, imprisoned or killed. Here the Morgans, the Du Ponts, the Rockefellers and other capitalists rule the destiny of the great population they have enslaved—this is a shame for the rulers who daily preach the doctrine of American liberty, a shame for those who gathered to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the Statue of Liberty.

To us it is something different. While these tyrants are betraying these very principles, we can think of the Chicago Martyrs who died for freedom; we can think of Andrea Salsedo who was thrown out of the 14th floor in Park Row in New York City during the Palmer raids; we can think of Sacco and Vanzetti who were electrocuted—and we can think of many more who died fighting—all convinced of and announcing to the enslaved people the inevitability of Social Revolution and Anarchy.

The rulers and capitalists of the land have gathered in these days to celebrate the occasion. Tomorrow they continue their enslaving and degrading governing, while the mass goes on—forgetting all about it.

But we must remember that not all forget. There are those who fight, those who have understood the real meaning of the symbol of this statue. Today, as ever, not only in America, but across the ocean, there are men, women and even children who are fighting and dying for freedom, people who have conceived of this freedom in its true everlasting meaning. These are the true defenders of freedom. This is the real symbol of the Statue of Liberty.

United Front

In order to fortify their dictatorship built on economic serfdom and intellectual slavery, the Bolsheviks gave out the slogan—Let us save Democracy by a United Front.

Thus, after killing thousands of Mensheviks, they adopted the Menshevik program. Like Woodrow Wilson, they claim to fight Fascism in order to save Democracy.

The other fellow's Fascism—not theirs, to be sure. To keep in safety the development of State Capitalism, far worse and more dangerous to workers than private capitalism—that is their aim.

In vain did Marx, Engels and Lenin warn and write against State Capitalism. The old Bolsheviks are ruthlessly killed, and the State in Stalinia is supreme.

The present struggle against the Fascists in Spain gave the Bolsheviks the opportunity to play again the tune of the United Front. Unfortunately, some of our comrades in this country fell in the Bolshevik trap.

Can there be a united front with the same men who only a few years ago imported the same Moroccan troops into Spain to crush the uprising of the miners in Asturia? And have we forgotten the massacre of our comrades in Casas Viejas, where the children of our comrades were thrown in burning houses? You can see the pictures in our organ "Revista Blanca."

And how about Messrs. Caballero and Prieto, leaders of reformist Socialists and bitter enemies of Anarchists? Are they representing the new Spain? They will be the first to crush the Anarchist society now being built by our comrades.

There is only one United Front in Spain— the front of the Syndicalist Confederation of Labor (C.N.T.) and the Iberian Anarchist Federation (F.A.I.)

Those comrades who fell into the trap of the so-called united front of the Bolsheviks will suffocate in that mire. Doesn't "Father Divine," who is a 'god', belong to the united front of the Bolshevik party.

Let us, as Anarchists, keep our principles pure, thus working in unison with our comrades in Spain.

HIPPOLYTE HAVEL.

After 22 years

After twenty-two years the world continues to celebrate Armistice Day. Twenty-two years have passed since the beginning of the last human slaughter involving the whole world. It was to have been a war to end wars. But today we can say that every country is prepared for another war—an even worse and more terrible war. Every country is preparing and arming itself to the fullest extent, fully aware that the capitalists are on the point of ordering war.

This is a fact which people must remember more than ever as nations throughout the world prepare the ceremonies for Armistice Day. The youth of the world does not remember the tragedies of the last war. The older people know them too well. The youth of the world is being prepared for a worse and greater slaughter. While the mandates of the law are preaching peace, they are practicing the greatest, most horrible tragedy of war. They are showing you the pomp, the bombardment, the war maneuvers. Open your eyes and see for yourself what the last war has brought upon humanity, what tragedies every war brings upon the suffering masses.

Workers of the world, men, women and children! As the world prepares to celebrate another Armistice Day, remember! Remember the hardships and sufferings of war. But more important, raise your voices in protest! Today, while our Spanish comrades are shedding blood for a real cause in a real struggle, do not let yourselves be misled. Save your energies and your blood for a real fight—a fight involving *you* and *you*. When the time comes for us to fight as they are fighting in Spain, to fight for ourselves and our freedom, to fight for Social Revolution, that is the time to take your gun: that is the time to shed blood, to die fighting.

Men and women of the world! Do not let yourselves be led into another sanguinary conflict for the benefit of the rich and the rulers who have betrayed you too often. Remember what heartaches, what sufferings the last war has cost you. It took one bullet to start the last war. But how many bullets were fired during those four years! How many lives were lost, how much blood was shed! How many tears fell from the eyes of mothers who lost their sons and wives who lost their husbands—all because they were fighting for their country. What has their country given them in return? Are the rich not still rich, are the poor not poorer?

Seamen's Strike

Another strike has gripped the West Coast and has extended to the Atlantic Seaboard. The marine workers of the country have again laid down their tools and refuse to work unless their demands are heeded.

United in the Maritime Federation of the Pacific are six unions whose members are longshoremen, sailors, masters, mates, pilots, engineers, firemen, oilers, watertenders, wipers, cooks, stewards and radio men. The federation became strong in the strike of 1934, which developed into a general strike for San Francisco.

The agreements growing out of that strike expired on September 30. Ever since, the threat of a new strike hung over the heads of shipping companies, with truces of one sort or another putting it off from day to day while negotiations for a new agreement went on.

Unable to obtain satisfaction from their employers, the 39,000 maritime workers began their strike on Friday, October 10, on the Pacific Coast.

The stoppage was not confined to the Pacific Coast. Immediately seamen and maritime workers throughout the country started movements of solidarity for the maritime workers of the West. In New York City, a huge rally was held on Saturday evening, October 31, at Cooper Union. Immediately and unanimously the seamen of this city voted a strike. The same has been done in Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Baltimore and New Orleans.

In the meantime the government, as usual, has stepped in to try and settle the strike. Madame Perkins has tried to intervene. The usual conferences between employers and employees have taken place. But we must think of another factor. Edward F. McGrady, Assistant Secretary of Labor, has had his say. In the New York Times of October 29, we read an article stating that McGrady is determined to stop the strike. We know too well the maneuvers of this one-time "labor" man. He is nothing more than a strike-breaker. He is determined to crush the strike of the maritime workers, as he is any other strike. The fact that he is on the West Coast is more than a probability that he is intent on doing this.

This is not a surprise to us for we know that he is another tool of the government. The strikers must be aware of this fact. They must not let themselves be trapped and misled by the presence of so-called ex-labor men; they must not let themselves be betrayed by settlement conferences. Neither Madame Perkins nor McGrady must decide the fate of the seamen. This they must decide for themselves. They and we still remember what happened two years ago in the general strike in San Francisco. This time they must strike and strike hard. Upon themselves depends their fate. As workers, as fighters for the rights of workers, we must urge them to hold out—to show, since they have the strength in numbers, that they are determined once and for all to have their demands heeded. And workers throughout the country should voice their solidarity to the maritime workers— *to the point of a real general strike.*

What Next?

Well, the campaign is over. The right man has been elected. Everyone is happy. The results were expected and inevitable. After all, Roosevelt has had only four years to show the people how much he can do for them. The least that the people could do in return was to give him another four years in which to show how much more he can do.

And he will do plenty. As he, himself, has stated, he and his administration have just begun. They have restored prosperity. They have put the wheels of industry and progress again in motion. So says Mr. Roosevelt.

But he has not said this alone. He has had the help of some of the financiers. He has had the help of the American Labor Party—and he has had the help of the Communist Party. In truth, with the great help of the Communist and American Labor Parties, Roosevelt has not had much campaigning to do. They did it for him. It would have been a great disappointment for them if he had not been elected.

Roosevelt and his administration have given the people no more than any other president would have given under the circumstances. He has created the W.P.A. Is this more than a handout? Is this more than a morsel thrown to a flock of sheep? Did he not fill your mouths with a handful of food so that you would not talk and make yourselves heard? Did he not create jobs for you, so that you would not use your energy for something more dangerous to them? In giving you these jobs how much richer are you? How much richer are you making the capitalists? In creating the Civil Conservation Corps, did Roosevelt not strike a means of militarizing the American youth?

People of America, now that you have elected the right man you must begin asking yourselves these questions.

You say Roosevelt has done a great deal. We say he can do a great deal more. He can make you suffer for that mouthful of bread he has given you. He can make you pay with poverty, hunger and misery—by the rule of the iron fist—for the vote you have given him. He has prepared you psychologically.

But he has not done this alone. He has had the backing of capitalists and "brain-trusters." And now he may also have the backing of William Randolph Hearst. In fact we quote from The New York Times of November 6.

"William Randolph Hearst, who attacked President Roosevelt as dictatorial and communistic during the campaign, said yesterday that 'perhaps' the president has given democracy 'a new lease on life' in his overwhelming victory at the polls. He also compared Mr. Roosevelt to Andrew Jackson—'dictatorial in manner and method but democratic in essence.'"

We know what the name of William Randolph Hearst means; we also know what an alliance between Messrs. Hearst and Roosevelt would mean to the people of America. What do the communists say to this?

People of America! You must begin to think seriously. You must begin to repent for your wild enthusiasm. You must begin to realize that no Roosevelt, no Landon, no president, no ruler, no government is going to make things better for you. You must make things better for yourselves.

What next? That depends on you, you, you.

ANARCHISM AND THE STATE

No one could find in the Castillian encyclopedia two synthetic words which express more strictly the diametrical forms of social life than: Anarchism and State.

ANARCHISM

Negation of all authority: command and obedience. Sublime love. Union of both sexes without any prevention, obstacle or speculation. Universal country without frontiers or flags; no boundaries of races or climates.

To produce according to strength; to consume according to need. Equal rights and equal duties for both sexes. Science, art, literature, inventions, machines, etc., all available to each and for the benefit of all.

Women to be admired, loved and respected; children loved and cherished; the old protected with care. Solidarity extended to all and during the whole of life.

Suppression of private ownership; all goods owned in common. The commodities of life obtained according to tastes and work, following the manifested vocation. No religion, no sacerdotalism, no temple. Nature is prodigal in panoramas, climates, prime material, and fruit; it feeds, shelters and warms everyone as well as supplying food for admiration purpose.

No prison, no guard and no police. Mutual condescending respect for comprehension and conviction. No laws; they interefere with free development; they are obstacles in the ways of living of each and all, stopping men, not only from satisfying their wants, but also their curiosity. No money, no valuable papers. Interchange of food, clothing, construction and useful goods. Common ware-houses with all that is required by the population. Agriculture intensified in the most productive regions. Railroads, boats, automobiles, aeroplanes as well as radios and other inventions at the disposal of all. That's anarchism.

STATE

State: (Royalist, imperialist, republican, democrat, dictatorial, proletarian absolutism) Political society, concentration of power, arbitrary corporalism, arrogance and cruelty. Political buffoons who claim to be "the people's saviors"; buffoons with flags, hymns and limitless senile mentalities.

Immense conglomerations of men packed in criminal schools: jails or barracks; in the latter, men trained in the handling of deadly weapons to take part in true human butcheries, to sustain fratricidal wars of conquest or submission. To force obedience to the bureaucracy's impositions and taxes of all descriptions, as to allow the social drones to live in the midst of all commodities and in luxurious mansions.

Corruptive love; sexual unions for convenience, parental fancy, fusion of wealth, utilitarian calculations. The women prostituted, the children abandoned and the old people despised.

Exploitation of men by men. The collectivity catalogued by rich and poor. Capitalists taming the pariahs to strengthen their greed for luxury and to assure the security of their booty. Conventional justice. Laws for the downtrodden, jails for the rebels, freedom for the wealthy. Extortions, penalties, tortures for those who refuse to submit distinctions and privileges to the traitors and accomplices as well as to the cowards. The periodicals sold to the highest bidder; the writing of newspapers consisting of shabbiness, flattery, abjections . . . truly representing the eunuch of thought. Speculations with science, art and literature. Instruction thrown on the rancor. The debacle of the alphabet.

Ignorance in command everywhere. The workers in factories and workshops are martyrs who slowly commit suicide. Miserable garrets are the dwellings of the wretches and their offspring; privations, vicissitudes and hunger never leave them. Consciences are sold at public markets for money or jobs. Hatred seems to spring from schools, homes and streets. From birth human beings are growing, vegetating in their narrow circles as irreconciliable enemies. Politics, the art of deceit, raises some and cuts down others; makes unscrupulous scoundrels, creates millionaires. The people support mountains of debts, (results of loans by stock-jobbers), in paying the disasters in the handling of public money.

Songs of peace and also hymns are being heard and thousands of men in uniform are mobilized; to produce ammunitions, factories are working full blaze; shipyards are busy day and night. . . all to accumulate war materials.

Well, then, face the described parallel of the two systems: love, equality, solidarity and justice is one of them; cruelty, corruption, castration and exploitation is the other.

It is not conceivable that there exists, in those who support the injustices of the system and the consequences of the capitalist exploitation, such indifference, such parsimony and fear as to decide to fraternize with the powerful who defy them, who haughtily command them, who torture them and anathematize them as slaves.

Anarchism speeds the march of the throngs of the idealist lovers toward a free future society. The indifferent through their inactivity, will be ashamed to arrive at the aim and meet the human ant-hill living in harmony without gods, masters, countries or flags.

M. A.

(*From the Spanish by Jules Scarceriaux*)

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

Armistice Day

In the hopeless whirlpool of suffering mankind, a formidable voice rang out, dominating, with its thunderous roar, the four corners of the globe. The top of the dark slender cypress gracefully and tenderly bent at the sound of the mysterious voice. The mighty oak shook its far flung branches, and its thick foliage murmered sadly and softly the heart-breaking song of hope and despair. The green leaves of the symbolic olive tree sent forth a sweet chatter of little girls, sighs of brides, blessings of mothers. The birds were silent; the wild beasts fell to drowsiness. The rivers arrested their rapid course and languidly kissed the sandy shores. The lakes proudly mirrored their placid waves into the sky. The flora became greener; machines lay idle.

Nature and humanity, utterly exhausted, fell in each other's arms in fraternal embrace, avidly whispering those solemn sublime words: Peace! Peace!

The voice was accusing. Humanity, kneeling down, felt the mysterious expectation of the impending great message.

The ominous powerful voice broke out into the immensity of space. "While alive you never allowed me to talk. May I now that I am dead? I was still an adolescent hardly beginning to understand the mysteries of life when you violently grabbed me from the bosom of my family and threw me, like a useless bundle, into a horrible bloody world.

"You gave me a weapon and told me harshly: 'You shall kill and you shall be killed. You are cannon fodder.'

"I cried long and bitterly. Why should I kill and why should I die in the bright springtime of my twenty years? I wrote to my mother: 'Is it not true, mother, that this is only a horrid nightmare, that I will not die? Tell me that I will not die, mother! Since early childhood you told that with your love and care I should grow to vigorous manhood to live, to work, to enjoy the fullness of life. From you I learned to love, not to hate; to create, not to destroy. You told me, time and again, that you gave me life to live by your side, to protect, support, console you in your old age and that when the inevitable farewell came, I would put the last kiss on your venerable white head. You taught me to be a free man and to respect the liberty of others; you taught me to make a bride happy, to be a tender father, to understand and appreciate life; in my turn I would gently pass away with your dear vision in my mind surrounded by my loved ones who, applying to life your simple and sound teaching I taught them, woud live peacefully and happily. Instead, everything is different. Why should I kill? Why should I die? Why these terrible things, mother? Why?'

"Her answer was brief and sad: 'The world is mean, my son, very mean. Since you are gone, I have nothing left but my eyes to cry. What I taught you is the real truth of life, the dream of humanity. But there are mean men who, in order to satisfy their infamous whims and their criminal ambitions, kill other men by the millions and thus make brides and mothers die of despair and sorrow. Courage, beloved son, and do not say that you must die if you want to see me alive upon your return home.'

"The short letter, written with trembling hands, was still wet with tears.

"A few days later came the fatal wire. My mother lay sweet and white on her death-bed; she had died with my name on her lips. They did not allow me to bury her; the ruthless country hurriedly called me back. I took a last glance at my dead mother: The snowy hair surrounded her white forehead like a lofty halo of martyrdom; her lips expressed a faint painful smile. My father said good-bye with a forlorn look in his eyes. Since that day I was dead.

* * *

"Going through the bright great cities I was calm and cool. Understanding the black chasm of passions loosened in these monstrous agglomerations of human beings, I found it logical that things should be as they were. I found it natural that some people were suffering while others enjoyed themselves, that some were starving while others were swimming in luxury. I found it perfectly natural that I should return to the grim fields where death was gathering its ghastly harvest, while others were leisurely trading in the profit of human blood.

"My country, I thought, is so made. And I cursed my country for killing my mother, my brother and me. For I was dead. The carsass I carried around became too heavy a burden. I was anxiously awaiting the kind blast that would put me forever under the merciful protection of death. Death refused to take me away from hell. Like a fiery spindle, in badly disjointed contraptions, over rails and highways, at a crazy speed, you sent me from one inferno to the other, wherever the massacre was raging most.

"All over the world I dug graves for my dead brothers killed by your bloodthirsty insanity; I dug the gravel of the Carso, the mud of Flanders, the granite of the Alps, the clay of Lorraine, the swamps of the Balkans, the sand of Africa and Asia. In every land I left my buried brothers. Wherever there are mountains, valleys, plains, lakes, oceans there lay the great victims of men's insanity. Every sod of the earth is clamoring for vengeance. Almost crazy over so much bloodshed, I loudly besought the Everlasting Sweetheart, and when she finally came, I was kindly buried by the slaves as I, the slave, had buried other slaves.

"For a long time, from the depth of the fresh earth, I heard the rumble of the battle, the cries of the wounded and the groans of the dying. Then everything became quiet.

"My mother had said that men are mean, but from the eternal peace of my tomb I could defy the whole world. Men had wronged me alive; they would no longer bother me dead. I was out of their jurisdiction.

"One day the knock of a pick-axe resounded over my grave; it surely must be the good farmer tilling the soil of his field. The knock became closer and more insistent. My bones shuddered with horror. Who dared to profanate the peace of my sepulcre? The rest I so eagerly sought was, then, ephemeral, fleeting away quickly? Was I to be persecuted again by the perversity of my murderers? The pick-axe kept digging until my very body was broken by the impact of the pointed steel, and two bloody hands grabbed my remains.

"I understood the infamy. I understood that those who had killed me got hold of my body now for an obscure speculation; for their criminal ambitions they had killed me and for the same hateful aims they had sunk their foul claws into my grave.

"The loud curse of abomination against war—a curse I refrained to utter while alive—I pronounce now, like a cold blast of hatred, from the realm of death.

"Alive I was human material, cannon fodder. Dead I am material for the honor of others. Alive I always traveled in old junky cars crammed with my unfortunate companions; dead I am traveling in a luxurious coach with a guard of honor. Alive I had a bed of mud; dead I have a bed of roses. Alive I was helplessly groping in the darkness of the trenches; dead hundreds of bright lights are surrounding my remains. Alive I had the insults of arrogant officers; dead the golden tongue of great orators are chanting my supposed virtues with endless speeches.

"Huge sums of money are spent in my honor. In my honor? No, for your own glory. Your honor would greatly disgrace me. Take my corpse: it is yours by the right of the stronger, but don't disgrace my memory.

"Of the country you made a bright tinsel behind which lies the orgiastic brothel of bloody money, drunken power, human bestiality. I am not a citizen of such a country; I represent the country of the toilers of the world. I represent the millions you have killed, the millions you oppress and exploit. I am the symbol of humanity tortured by a social system which should no longer exist. The ghost of millions of people you have murdered will torment you without respite; I am that mighty ghost which gnaws at your heart, be it of stone.

"I am the millions of babies, brides and mothers. I am the proletariat of the world; I spit in your face the supreme curse of suffering humanity."

* * *

Thus spoke the Unknown Soldier. Humanity listened, panting with the ardent desire for a better world, and in the great proletarian family of the earth Harmony, Love and Conscience prevailed.

Little boys and girls chatted more sweetly at the pleasant surprise. Women embraced each other with happiness. Men shook hands and looked in each other's eyes resolutely for the Apotheosis of the final redemption.

CANDIDO.

MAN!

A Journal of the Anarchist Ideal and Movement

H. Havel, *Editor*

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ARE CONSEQUENCES OF ANY CONSEQUENCE?

It is reported that, in answer to some people who were trying to impress upon her that the deportation of anti-fascists to Italy and anti-nazis to Germany would expose the deportees to dire persecution—ranging from the minimum of "confinement" to the maximum of either slow death in the dungeons or violent death thru legal and illegal assassination—for deeds that the American laws do not consider as crime, Miss Perkins made the statement that: "We are enforcing the American laws and are not concerned with the consequences in other countries."

When, three years ago, Miss Perkins was appointed to the Department of Labor, American liberals introduced her as a great humanitarian with the added assurance that her presence would exert a beneficent influence on the deeds of the Roosevelt Administration.

Blinded by the brilliancy of these prophecies, we haven't been able to see any sign of their materialization. But we have seen, instead, under Miss Perkins' stewardship, her subordinate Immigration Inspectors following fearlessly in the footsteps of the ill famed Mr. Doak, taking up his xenophobial and inquisitorial practice of hounding foreigners who entertain unorthodox ideas. Even to the extent of turning tools of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce and ship-owners during the general strike there; to the extent of prosecuting Mrs. Stella Petrosky of Wilkes Barre, Pa., the mother of eight American born children, all minors and wholly dependent on her support—; and stooping so low as to surrender, to the Dictatorships of Europe, Cuba, Central and South America, political refugees who naively thought they found on our shores a haven of refuge.

Nay, when, instead of keeping silent or at least trying to excuse these operations for which she is morally and juridically responsible, we hear Miss Perkins say that she is not concerned with the consequences of her deeds, we conclude, with reason, that this Lady's humanitarianism is plain political varnish and that her liberal friends have simply wasted their efforts in describing her as a big-hearted woman; that Miss Perkins is nothing but a skirted politician solely concerned with the success of her career; that she is too hardened to care for human suffering and too blind to see it. Or too vain and feeble to dare make a compromising attempt to eliminate it.

Our gracious Lady, then, is not at all concerned with the consequences of her deportations?

Heretofore, the divine infallibility of kings and emperors vindicated the irresponsibility of their deeds. To-day, human beings, including presidents of republics and ministers as well, consider themselves fully responsible for their own deeds and do not hold that they are immune from, and above, their fellow beings' judgment. But along comes Madam Perkins and, by dodging the common duty of all mortals, by declining to assume the responsibility of her own deeds, she lifts herself up (or should we say lowers down?) to the level of a monarch. And to think that our ardent suffragists have been chanting for half a century that the coming of woman into public life would have brought a beneficent influence to the cause of Freedom and Justice. Alas! What an influence.

In respect to the political refugees, Madam Perkins is conducting herself in the manner of the Bourbons who still pollute the Spanish Republic with the aggravating circumstance except that while the former dodges it, the latter, more cynical and courageous, assume the responsibility of their misdeeds. (This article was written before July, 1936. Ed.)

Secretary Perkins, then, is not at all concerned with the consequences of her governmental deeds. And let it be so. But the deportees who for months have been segregated in the cubby-holes of Ellis Island will, one of these days, go to Italy or Germany and there rot away in the fascist dungeons, far from their families, their children and the affection which they have gathered around themselves by living an honest and laborious life. And, indeed, they should be grateful to the inquisitorial laws of our Great Republic, the severity of which Miss Perkins, in her sovereign irresponsibility, has refused to mitigate with a touch of humaneness. Aye, which she has often aggravated with her political finanglings and her lack of courage in resisting the formidable, we admit, but nevertheless iniquitous and arbitrary pressure of our rabid super-patriots. For it is a certainty that, while the laws enacted by Congress as validated by the Courts are severe enough, on the other hand, the Immigration Commissariat has exacerbated this severity to the extent of bringing it to strike at groups and individuals whom neither the spirit nor the letter of the law ever contemplated.

There was a time in which the Government of these United States felt itself less of the stature of a Monarchy, more proximate to the common herd, and thus more than a little concerned with the consequences and properties of their deeds under the laws which they enacted and which they subsequently swore to enforce.

The esteemed and meritorious authors of our independence considered the right of political asylum as an intangible part of their victory, of progress, of their sacrifices, of the fabric of the Republic. Not only for the good that the refugees of other countries would bring to ours, but above all, because, in the loftiness of their conscience, with their love for justice and their fellow beings, they were greatly concerned with their acts of government and would have considered the deliverance of political refugees who had sought refuge among them to their revengeful traducers, an everlasting shame and the vilest of all infamies. They would have considered themselves accomplices of the very jailers and executioners to whom they would have delivered the helpless refugees and never never would they have forgiven themselves.

President Madison, among others, was very much interested in the fate confronting those deported by the U. S. Government, and he properly invoked the possibility of vengeance to which they would be exposed in order to demonstrate that deportation does constitute punishment and therefore it could not be administered in disregard of constitutional provisions.

A century later the question was of vital interest to three Supreme Court judges who, in a court decision, harshly condemned administrative deportations. And today, it is of even more interest to all persons of fair mind and noble heart from whom—so long as her statement is true, and we have no doubt that it is—Miss Perkins excludes herself.

But the consequences of deportations will undoubtly be the concern of Miss Perkins and her general staff of inquisitors and boot-lickers when an awakened people, freed of the feigned precept that kings are irresponsible of their deeds, will ask of the ephemeral tho' proud sovereigns of the Republic a complete account of their misdeeds, abuses and crimes.

For nobody ever escaped the judgment of the people and of history: neither those anointed by the Lord nor those consecrated by universal suffrage.

(A Translation by Walter Brooks)

DEPORTATION HYSTERIA

The Circuit Court of Appeals for the Southern District of New York has sustained a decision of the District Court which last March dismissed a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of Dominick Sallitto, an Italian anti-fascist who has been ordered deported to Italy by the Labor Department on charges of a purely political nature. The case was argued in this court during the week of October 5, 1936. Sallitto, who came to the United States 15 years ago and who is a widower with an American-born child, was arrested in Oakland, California, April 11, 1934, and charged with "being a member of an organization advocating the overthrow of government by force and violence." The charge originated out of the fact that the editor of MAN! rented office space in a small restaurant which, at the time, Sallitto was operating with a friend. A warrant of deportation to Italy was issued.

Attornies for the defense have appealed to the courts on the basis that no direct evidence has ever been introduced to sustain the charge preferred against Sallitto—a fact which was admitted by the Washington Board of Review in its report of November 6, 1935—and that the order of deportation was obtained through biased and prejudiced influence and without due process of law. In affirming the decision of the lower court, the Court of Appeals has rendered no written opinion and this fact is considered symptomatic of the attitude the courts take in deportation cases of this nature. Sitting on the case were Judges Martin P. Marton, Leonard Hand and Thomas W. Swan.

Appealed from a decision of the District Court dismissing a writ of habeas corpus, the case of Vincent Ferrero was argued in the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Southern District in New York. An adverse decision was given after hearing arguments by the Defense and U. S. District Attorney. Ferrero was arrested in Oakland, California, in April, 1934, and charged with "writing or publishing printing matter advocating the overthrow of government by force and violence." The evidence being considered insufficient by the Board of Review, his case was ordered re-opened and additional charges were placed against the alien. However, no additional evidence was ever introduced, and Ferrero was ordered deported to Italy solely on unsubstantiated charges. On this ground the appeal was taken after a writ of habeas corpus was dismissed last March by Judge Caffey in the Southern District Court. (Press Release).

From this report, there is little to expect from the mandates of the law and the interpreters of Justice in this country. It is evident that both the legislative and judicial bodies of this country will stop at nothing to carry out their ambitions; it is evident that the rulers of this country are not only denying the basic and constitutional rights to its members, but that they are openly betraying the principles of the constitution by preferring to work hand in hand with Mussolini and Fascism.

This is a fact which all workers of this country must realize. We must continually and strongly raise our voice in protest against this American barbarism. We must show that we will not be sent away from a country where we have put the best years of our lives, where we have given all our energy to further enrich this vast and wealthy country, this haven of refuge. I say we, for this question involves more than two men. Tomorrow it may mean anyone of us, and, as useful members of society, we must not let ourselves be trod upon. We must stand up and demand our rights; we must demand that these same rights be given to our fellow workers; above all, we must remember that we are *MEN* and we will demand and retain the elemental rights of freedom of thought and freedom of speech. We, the workers of America, workers of the world, must be ever vigilant—for, as Jefferson said, " Eternal Vigilance is the price of Freedom."

You take my life when you do take the means by which I live. —WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WE MUST REMEMBER

If in the past at times I have forgotten,
If I have hoped the world was such a place
That men might live and laugh beneath the sun
And lay them down to rest when day was done—
If in the past at times I have forgotten,
Now nevermore again shall I forget.

KATHLEEN MILLAY.

Many years have passed; many atrocities have been committed; many beautiful deeds have been done in the name of freedom and equality; many historical events have tended to suppress the workers; many black spots have fallen on the pages of social history throughout the world. Yet, behind all this. we can still see shining brightly the memory of November 11, 1887. We cannot forget the sublime and valiant struggle of our Comrades who fought so bravely in that memorable strife.

We must remember.

We cannot forget Parsons, Spies, Lang, Fischer, Engel, Neebe, Schwab and Fielden—names which symbolize men who lived and died as *men*. We cannot forget the words of August Spies in his defense speech. "State's Attorney Grinnell has given us to understand that Anarchism is on trial here. At the Haymarket meeting, not a word was said about Anarchism. Still Mr. Grinnell screams that Anarchism is on trial. If that is the case, your honor, I say very well, you may convict me, *for I am an Anarchist.* You may pronounce the death sentence on me, but you will be proclaiming to the world that in the year 1886 eight men were condemned to die in the state of Illinois because they had not lost faith in a better future and the ultimate victory of Liberty and Justice."

We must remember.

We cannot forget Spies who dipped his pen into the blood of his dead comrades and wrote things which translate into words of fire the horror and indignation the massacre. "Yesterday our comrades were shot to death. Doubt is no longer possible. The tigers who govern us are greedy, desirous of the blood of those who sweat. But the workers are not sheep. To the white terror of the rulers shall they answer with red. As long as workers are being killed, so long shall we answer in a way that will not be forgotten. Yesterday, while our mothers, our wives, our children were crying for their husbands and fathers fallen under the grape-shot, the rich sat in their spatial palaces drinking to the health of the bandits of the order. O mothers, wives and children, dry those wasteful tears. Have courage, O slaves. Rebel, Revolt."

These are words which were written to the workers of Chicago in 1886. But they are words dedicated to workers throughout the world today as much as yesterday. These are words which only a person with conviction can say, for they spell the courage and faith of men who, in the face of death and execution, were unafraid.

We must remember.

We cannot forget Spies, Ling, Fischer and Engel who fearlessly mounted the platform of execution on November 11, 1887, greeting, with the last echo of their voice, the last beat of their hearts, their comrades of misery, hope and faith, and exclaiming to the world three words of challenge—three ne'er forgotten words —Long Live Anarchy.

We must remember.

The flag of social revenge which, on the days of May 3 and 4, 1886, received the baptism of fire and on November 11, 1887, the communion of martyrdom, gathered in the heroic blood of the fallen, brought to the eyes of the deprived and oppressed multitude in every remote angle of the earth the promise and symbol of universal brotherhood of all the vindicated in the common destiny of resurrection.

We must remember.

Today, after forty-nine years, we cannot forget. Today, when tyrants of the world are strengthening their grip of reaction over all the workers of the world, today, while the inebriated world is celebrating the armistice marking the end of human slaughter begun twenty-two years ago, today, more than ever, we cannot forget. Today, while our comrades in Spain are shedding blood and losing their lives, we must remember that innumerable attempts have been made to crush and suffocate the flame of freedom kindled by and burning more brightly because of the fallen, the dead. But in vain—the idea proceeds, progresses, challenging the ire of tyrants and the shackles of executioners.

Today, more than ever, in the memory of our Chicago martyrs, with the echo of their voice resounding in our ears, we can exclaim: Long Live Anarchy.

We will remember.

RAY RANDALL

. . . ART AND LITERATURE . . .

IMPRESSIONS OF GERMAN ART

It is a far cry from German art to the disintegrating figures of a Franklin Watkins and the almost raucous quality of the American pictures being painted by the artists producing works for the W.P.A. project; but they, too, give utterance, and a truthful one, of the troubled economic and political background, which affects the American artist of today. The spirit of uncertainty has been absorbed by and has become part of the artist's very thought processes and is indubitably present in his every brush stroke. In the group of German pictures and drawings about to be analyzed, this spirit of unrest is not evident, although painted in similar periods of unrest and change. When the greater number of these works was produced, Germany was not united and was in the throes of wars and the Reformation, but they do show and contain in their freedom of line, in their use of pigmentation, in their reproduction of nature, the spiritual aspects of the Germanic peoples.

With the advent of the Nazi demagogism in Germany and its connotation of fanaticism, the sending of this collection of German art to the shores of America is a stroke of inspiration; for it revives a new scope of the former eminence of German culture, and gives a mental picture in black contrast to the thin bare silhouette of the starved cultured Germany under its present dictatorship. We shall hope for its early revival.

The majority of art-loving Americans already know considerably concerning the art of the early Germanic artists; such as, Albrecht Durer, famous for his engravings and woodcuts and his mastery of line; Hans Holbein the younger, for his unsurpassable portraits. The examples of their work, included in this exhibition, will only confirm and strengthen their opinions and appreciation of these artists.

In the Baroque and Rococo period of German art, the meticulate and precise work of George Flegel, one of the first German still-life painters, stands out in its almost photographic exactness. Anton Graff, noted for his portrait of Frederick the Great, is represented with two portraits, one of which, *Portrait of a Young Man With a Monocle,* is quite pleasing and Gainsboroughish in quality. In Johann Evangelist Holzer's project for the ceiling of the former gallery in the residence at Wurzburg, there is a difficult perspective, that is terrifying in its grandeur. Anton Mengs has an imposing and gratifying portrait of Elector Frederick Christian of Saxony.

In the section devoted to the painters of the schools of Classicism and Romanticism, the work of Casper David Friedrich stands out. It is devoted almost exclusively to landscapes. There is something moving in the quiet beauty of his *Moonrise Over The Sea.* It has been said "we always glimpse the secret presence of eternity" in Friedrich's paintings,. In the *Garland Maker,* the artist F. G, Kersting has captured more than one realizes in the simple composition. There is the feeling of the forests, not only of Germany but the deep glens and forests of Sir Walter Scott's novels. Alfred Rethel, in his portrait of his mother, imprisons and conveys the spiritual and unmistakable character of the woman. Rethel has the reputation of being one of the greatest mural painters of his day, and his woodcuts, especially, *Also A Dance of Death,* entitles him to high rank in the history of German graphic art. Philipps Otto Runge, one of the figures of the Romantic movement, unfortunately died young;, but by the tone and quality of his work that he left behind, it is possible to conceive of the heights to which he would have brought the movement in German art had he lived. Slightly reminiscent of the work of the French painter David, is the work of Gottlieb Schick, but this is only natural, he having studied under David from 1798 to 1802.

Of the Romantic-Classic movement in the latter half of the 19th century, there is much to be said. The works of Bocklin, Thoma, Marees, and Feuerbach are outstanding in this period. One can gather the wealth of imagination Arnold Bocklin brought to his work in his *Self Portrait With Death Playing The Violin.* The figure of Death was added later as an answer to the question of a friend who had asked "What are you listening for?" Looking at this portrait, one listens hoping to catch the faint, vague music of Death, that one day we all shall hear. The fantasy of the *Forgotten Venus,* half-hidden in the dark green foliage, is appealing; and the freshness of *Spring* attests to his place in German art. The work of Hans Thoma does actually sing a sort of folksong. He is truthfully a poet-painter, and his paintings live. In the double portrait of, *Marees and Lenbach,* there is an elfish Heinrick Heineish quality about the pale face of the head in the rear. Personally as I looked at it, I thought I should like to have known the man and been his friend.

In the painting entitled *The Poachers,* there is an interesting study of a young man whose intentness of gaze is quite natural. The artist, Wilhelm Leibl, actually surpasses Renoir in his potrait of *Countess Rosina Treuberg.* There is a lovely flow of line and play of shadow in Adolph von Memzel's *The Artist's Sister Sleeping.* Wilhelm Treubner in his *Lady in Gray,* uses the Manet manner in an uncanny way that is more than successful.

Of the section devoted to drawings and prints, I wish to speak of only a few, for they are worthy of a paper upon themselves alone. There is a lovely little pen drawing, brightened by color wash, of *Madonna And Child And St. Anne,* by Albrecht Durer, notable for its use of folds and liquidy flow of line. The *Lamenting Angel* is worthy of notice for its odd perspective alone, not to mention the fine quality of the drawing and handling by the artist, Matthias Grunewald. One could say his work was imbued with the spirit of Zolaism. Peter von Cornelius's pencil drawing of *Man With A Cloak, Drapery Study,* is to my mind a symphony in graceful lines. Brief mention should be made of Adolph von Menzel's pencil drawing, *Three Old Women,* which all but breathes in its trueness to character and human aspects, and has a truly modern note in theme if not in handling.

From viewing this collection, and I sincerely hope all who read this brief resume will, one is brought nearer to a true understanding of the German mind. It is a better understanding and one which we hope may keep. We perhaps marvel at the foolish race prejudices and the burning of books in the Germany of today, but we do forget that German people also like ourselves found themselves living in a turbulent world. The German people, dazed by defeat in a war that was foisted on them against their will, and being still dazed, permitted the farce of Nazism to be shackled upon them; it is to be hoped they will rise again and take their proper place in the ranks of civilization and culture.

FRANK ANKENBRAND, JR.

Editor's Note: This article deals in part with German Art from the 15th to the 20th century, now touring the country under the auspices of the Oberlaender Trust and the Carl Schulz Memorial Foundation, Inc.

BOOK REVIEW

FRONTIER FOLKWAYS, By Prof. James G. Leyburn of Yale, Yale University Press, New Haven, Conn. 1935.

This book deals with nine frontiers: The Massachusetts Bay Frontier, 1629-1659; The French along the Saint Lawrence, 1660-1698; New Zealand: a Frontier Founded upon a Theory, 1839-1857; Portuguese Settlement Plantation Frontier in Bahia Brazil, 1549-1580; The Frontier of the Pastoral Boers in Transvaal, 1835-1899; Two Frontiers in Australia, 1787-1840; The Dutch Exploitative Frontier in Java, 1596-1880; Economic Adjustments on Spanish Frontiers, 1520-1800; Characteristic Phases of Frontier Life in America, 1770-1870. In giving an argument for Anarchism, two approaches may be made. One, a criticism of the red tape, inefficiency, tyranny, and general murderous outcome of government today; and the other, praise of a future society on a non-governmental basis; and proof from a history of past primitive peoples that such a society once existed where freedom reigned to a much greater extent than would seem possible to institutionalized people today.

In this short review I will mention just a few of the items which seemed especially new or important to me, leaving the reader to obtain the book for further perusal. The paternalism of the French in Canada and the English in New Zealand and Australia hampered the growth of these colonies. The two latter countries only commenced to prosper when relieved of this paternalism. A semblance of freedom, on the other hand, coupled with individual initiative and responsibility, led to a growth, rather than a decay of the colonists of Massachusetts Bay and later in the Middle West and West. The functions of government were minimized for two hundred years among the Boers and for one hundred years in America; this led to decentralization of authority in religion and law. New Zealand and Australia, settled mostly by ex-convicts, were a generation or two ahead of most of the countries of the world in social legislation. One fact that is not generally known by Americans is that many Puritans settled in Barbados direct from Holland, and that the influence of the climate and soil there produced an aristocracy, while the unhospitable rocky New England environment produced the Puritan as we know of the stern visage.

In the treatment of natives, while all invaders robbed them, the French, Spanish, Portuguese, and the Dutch in Java and the Transvaal allowed them to live, while the English treatment resulted in their total extinction or their decimation; if not of their bodies, at least of their cultures. The natives gave such plants as tobacco and corn and provided the names of cities, rivers and states for the white man. Especially in Canada, Brazil, and the Spanish countries the native women provided the source of a race of half-breeds. In Brazil and the Spanish colonies, and to a less extent along the Saint Lawrence, despite the fact that the Catholic Church as a whole was a part of the enslavement and robbery of the natives, certain jesuits such as Laval in Canada and others in Brazil, and the Dominican Las Casas in Mexico sought to aid the natives. In describing the revival meetings in the Middle West in the early Nineteenth Century, the author provides as good an arguement for the futility of churches as any non-believer could provide. He states: "One of the Baptist Sects called itself the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptist Church. Its contention was that there was in man both the seed of God and that of the Devil; if a child were born of divine seed, he was a predestined son of God and would be saved; if he were born of the evil seed, he was the Devil's son and no amount of missionary work would save him. In either case preaching was useless."

The author outlines and contrasts eighteen mores or institutions among these different types of frontier life in a three page chart which places in graphic form a summary of his study. From the point of view of the anarchists or libertarian, it would seem that the small farm or the frontier camp has offered a ground for action more near the ideal of liberty. Thus, we find foresight, democracy of government if any government at all; social classes gradually merged; punishment of crime quick without ancient formula; disapproval of immoraity; women and children with certain rights;

(*Continued on Page* 8)

FACTORIES

Factories are open jails;
involuntary-voluntary jails
with staring, wide-faced clocks;
wide-faced clocks punching time.

For meager food and drab shelter
men and women are driven into factories
to work;
to work speedily
for meager food and drab shelter
while staring clocks and greedy-faced men
punch and exact men's time.

HARRY BLOCK.

TRUE FREEDOM

Wait not till the slaves pronounce the word
To set the captive free,—
Be free yourselves, be not deferred,
And farewell Slavery.

Ye all are slaves, ye have your price,
And gang but cries to gang;
Then rise; the highest of ye rise;—
I hear your fetters clang.

The warmest heart the North doth breed
Is still too cold and far;
The colored man's release must come
From outcast Africa.

What is your whole republic worth?
Ye hold out vulgar lures;
Why will you be disparting Earth
When all Heaven is yours?

He's governed well who rules himself,—
No despot vetoes him:
There's no defaulter steals his pelf,
Nor Revolution grim.
'Tis easier to treat with kings
And please our country's foes,

Than treat with Conscience of the things
That only Conscience knows.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU

LIBERATOR

Have you stood at the bow of a ship
With the wind of the sea in your face?
Have you measured the white surge's race
Past the prow? Have you felt on your lip
The salt kiss of the ocean? Tonight
As I opened the door, came the sweep
Of the wind from the bay to the cheap
Little lodging I knew in despite
Of our capture, the air sets us free
For the voyage to the end of the sea.

GEORGE HEDLEY.

CIVILIZATION

Be leopard-like, and crafty as a fox;
Be lawful wolves, your hearts unyielding rocks;

Out-boar the savage tusks, and never cease
To pick in shreads your brother, piece by piece;

Be charging horns for vast monopolies,
And gore the poor with new atrocities;

Lack wisdom, tread the frail with iron feet
If you would make your power and fame complete:

For civilization is out-beasting beast
By government and gentleman and priest.

LLOYD FRANK MERRELL.

BRIEFS AND COMMENTARY

A military and naval corps of 830,400 men was in the process of establishment, within the framework of the WPA, by men who held leading personnel positions in the WPA and in the United States Treasury Department. This "Veterans' Reserve Corps", as it was known, was organized by Hubert W. Eldred, Project Expeditor for the Treasury Department. Eldred told Fredrick Woltman, a reporter for the World-Telegram, that the purpose of the "Corps" was to fight Communism and the Jews.

"Communism and the Jews", in red-baiters' parlance, means the workers who express their dissatisfaction of present things. And while the Fascists are preparing their "Corps", what do you think the workers are doing? They are listening to the political babbling of those that the masters have chosen to be their representatives for the next four years. And they will vote, of course.

* * * *

The political arena of the current campaign has gained this year an additional performer with the official appearance of a so-called Labor Party. Added attractions are always some kind of a stimulus in a circus. And our "radical" labor leaders, who have concocted a Labor Party to support the presidential democratic candidate and the incumbent governor of New York, are proving to be the most laughable clowns of the whole troupe.

* * * *

Last to join the performers under the big top has been Local 22 of the ILGWU. You know, the Jewish "comrades" local. In fact the "progressive" local. Well, in the "labor movement" you have to be practical even to the extent of falling in the mire of political fraud.

* * * *

Within two weeks of the arrival in this country of Cardinal Pacelli, we have had over a score of "pronunciamentos" in the Catholic Hierarchy. A number of newly-formed organizations have sprung out with the manifested pious purpose of combating "Communism". A term, the latter, which covers every worker and workers' organization who dare to claim the right to economical and social freedom.

In the 42nd district of the Brooklyn Diocese, special services and parades were held to score and damn the "communists". In New York, the "Rev." Jusserand de Forest expressed himself in these terms: "Put every rebel parasite in chains and catapult him into the maelstrom of his grand Utopia—Russia—where he belongs." Parasites! The not-too-much reverend is stepping on his own feet. And may we suggest that, when in Spain reverends of this kind are cought sniping on the workers and consequently given the dose rightfully due them, our sugar-hearted ladies refrain from getting saintly enraged. Amen.

* * * *

We learn from the press that 11,000,000 pieces of mail have gone thru' the post office under congressional franchise as political propaganada for the present campaign for both the Democratic and Republican party. The people, as per usual, are the ones who pay for this orgy of mud slinging. And every means to make them pay is considered honorable: even defrauding.

* * * *

The young anti nazi Otto Richter who, persecuted by Hitler's bloody hounds, had sought asylum in this country, was chased out of here by the Labor Department of the United States which lately has been performing the dirty work for William R. Hearst. Richter has been granted asylum by Mexico. And our pinkish liberals seem to be delighted . . . because the Labor Department has been spared the embarrassament of facing the problem of political asylum IN THIS COUNTRY. By the way, what's liberalism anyhow!

* * * *

"The Soviet government has recently made numerous arrests of leading Finnish-born Communists. William Tanner and Kullervo, prominent communist leaders, have been sentenced to ten and six years of hard labor, respectively."

* * *

"Otello Gaggi and Francesco Ghezzi, Italian anarchists who had sought refuge in Russia, to avoid death sentences in fascist Italy, are kept in confinement and denied the privilege of going to fight in Spain, for the social revolution and against fascism."

We pass the news over to the united front "comrades".

* * * *

I was wondering whether the fact that, under the present administration we have the largest peace-time military budget ($1,200,000,000), was one of the deciding factors in making the labor fakers, through the political strength of their affiliated members, back Mr. Roosevelt and company.

* * * *

A quotation from an unsuspectable source dedicated to the lying detractors and the cock-sure ignoramuses who prattle of "bombs and anarchism" and "chaos and Anarchy":

"ANARCHISM: the name given to a principle or theory of life and conduct under which society is conceived without government—harmony in such a society being obtained, not by submission to law, or by obedience to any authority, but by free agreements concluded between the various groups, territorial or professional, freely constituted for the sake of production and consumption, and also for the satisfaction of the infinite variety of needs and aspirations of a civilized being. In a society developed on these lines, the voluntary associations which already now begin to cover all the fields of human activity would take a still greater extension so as to substitute themselves for the state in all the functions." (Encyclopedia Britannica, Vol. I, p. 914).

* * * *

Another quotation: "We are told on good authority that in Pittsburgh a number of aliens who have received only their first papers have been informed that if they didn't vote—that is, break the law—they never would obtain their final citizenship papers. If these aliens try to vote, we'll see to it that they do not become naturalized. We'll see to their deportation." When the becoming of a naturalized citizen is left to such sinister influences, it is no wonder that self-respecting foreign-born prefer to ignore the whole procedure. However, between a dishonorable inducement and an abusive threat, the Hearsts of the country find enough time to damn and deport the "aliens" who refuse to be or fail to realize that they could be useful material for the speculations and exploitations of this or that political faction.

* * * *

It is 50 years this year that the Statue of Liberty was dedicated on Bedloe's Island. A fompous celebration took place. With the vicious campaign being conducted against the foreign-born and the persecution to which they are being subjected, it would be very appropriate for our tricky and deceiving politicians to have the beautiful inscription on the pedestal of the statue obliterated and replace its sky-rising torch with a black scaffold.

* * * *

"Le Libertaire" carries the news that the French authority at Perpignan arrested the Italian Anarchists Sergio Sabbatino, Aldo Fiamberti, Lusan and Reseni while they were attempting to cross the border to Spain. These comrades wanted to go and fight fascism on the battle front, but the anti-fascist "popular front" government of France thought it best to stop them and send them to jail for six months on the petty technicality of infraction to a previous decree of expulsion.

COMMENTATOR.

We urge subscribers and comrades to send in their contributions. The continuance of this journal depends upon an immediate response.

EDITOR

BOOK REVIEW

(Continued from page 7)

religion tending away from authority; manners natural and social; standard of living a gradual progress after the first hard years; and a liberal form of political life. The only fault we find is that the natives have been mistreated or killed off.

The book is well documented and worthwhile to the radical or conservative student. One might wish that the author had gone to great length in a description of the traits of the natives and the institutions of value which the intruder obliterated. The British in India might have been included. A seperate book could well be written concerning the present status of the native and how they have withstood the "civilizing and syphilizing" of the white man.

Kropotkin in his classic: "The State, Its Historic Role" has shown that: "History has not been an uninterrupted evolution. At different intervals evolution has been broken in a certain region, to begin again elsewhere. Egypt, Asia, the banks of the Mediterranean, Central Europe have in turn been the scene of historical developments. But, in every case, the first phase of the evolution has been the primitive tribe, passing on into a village commune, then into the free city, and finally dying out when it reaches the phase of the State . . . Then rose the Republican cities which produced the glorious expansion of the human mind, attested by the monuments of architecture, the grand development of arts, the discoveries that laid the basis for natural sciences. But then came the State. Will it again produce death? Of course it will, unless we reconstitute Society on a libertarian and anti-State basis. Either the State will be destroyed and a new life will begin in thousands of centers, on the principle of an energetic initiative of the individual, of groups, and of free agreement; or else the State must crush the individual and local life; it must become the master of all the domains of human activity, must bring with it its wars and internal struggles for the possession of power, its surface revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably at the end of this evolution—death! Choose yourselves which of the two issues you prefer." A study of Kropotkin's essay along with this book will give the student the proper perspective and enable him to gauge other books of a similar nature written by modern anthropologists. One recent book telling of cultures of different tribes of Indians that should be read is "Patterns of Culture" by Ruth Benedict, 1934.

Since Kropotkin's essay was published in 1898, much has been discovered about the aborigines of different countries. At the same time as anarchist minded individuals as Ralph Borsodi are blasting away at a factory-minded civilization, and are seeking to envision a homestead economy in its place, others of us—as a relaxation from our efforts in explaining the necessity and possibility of warring governments causing the downfall of the very idea of government—can continue the study of societies whose basis was much less governmental than those of today.

AMMON A. HENNACY.

COMMUNICATIONS

Annual Daybreak Costume Ball
of
Modern School, Stelton, N. J.
To Be Held at Webster Manor, 119 E. 11th St.
New York City
December 11, 1936.
Admission 50 *Cents*

A New Pamphlet
THE STRUGGLE FOR LIBERTY IN SPAIN
(1840-1936)
Published by Marod Press, London, England
Available through MAN!
10 *Cents a Copy*

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FINANCIAL STATEMENT

(To October 31, 1936)

INCOME:

J. M., New York, $5.00; Mario, N.Y.. $2.00; La P., N. Y., $1.00; Roger Hall, Mass., $1.25; H. H., New Jersey, $1.00; Philadelphia, M. B., $1.00; Radical Library, $2.00; M. D., Camden, N.J., $1.00; Los Angeles, J. S., $3.25; Calif., A. G., $1.50; L. M., $0.50; G. S., $1.00; A. B., $5.00; Ballard Vale, Mass., S. B., $1.00; Los Angeles, Man Group, $5.00; E. B., $0.10; Glen Lyon, Pa., $2.00; Los Angeles, Man Group, $3.27; Detroit, Mich., T. S., $1.00; St. Louis, H. S., $1.00; Paterson, N.J., A. G., $1.00; Vaughn, Wash., J. B., $3.00; Seattle, Wash., L. M., $2.00; Haverhill, Mass., I. G., $1.00; Bradford, Mass., M. S., $1.00; Penna., Diva, $1.00.

Total Income	$ 47.87
On Hand (September 30, 1936)	159.00
	206.87
Expenditures	127.43
On Hand	$ 79.44

FOR OUR SPANISH COMRADES

John Buckie (Vaughn, Wash.)	5.00
J. Goldbaum (Haverhill, Mass.)	1.20
Total	$6.20

INTERNATIONAL HOOK-UP

(*Continued from Page* 3)

The common interest of the capitalist governments explains, to a certain extent, the formation of this "holy alliance" supporting General Franco's aspiration to dictatorship. But it does not explain why Russia is siding with these governments. Russia's behavior is rank betryal. For years we have heard the well known refrain of its supporters: the day the capitalist world attacks Russia the workers of the whole world will rise to defend the "fatherland of the proletariat". Here we have the people of Spain, attacked on all sides by its own fascists supported by alien mercenary troops, arms and finance—and Russia does not take a single step to come to the help of the Spanish people. On the contrary, Russia subscribes to the hypocritical non-intervention policy and sides with those governments which look on complacantly at the massacre of the unarmed Spanish people. In Russia, they do not seem to understand that after Spain the turn of France will come, then that of England, and then . . . . On the other hand, they may pretend not to understand, for they must remember that only a few months ago England loaned the Soviet government a huge sum of money for the strengthening of the Russian army. Could it be possible that Russia, bound by financial diplomacy to England—the country who quietly sits back and lets France take the initiative in this non-intervention policy but who is really the instigator and originator of the idea—could it be possible that this government of the "proletariat" is playing cards with the other governments of Europe and will do nothing? What hopes may Russia have, after this attitude of betrayal, that the workers of the world will come to her defense when she will be attacked by the unholy alliance of the capitalist governments? As thou hast sown so shalt thou reap.

The United States is a party to this unholy alliance. A silent party, but an efficient one, nevertheless. No presidential proclamation has been issued to raise an embargo on the exportation of arms to the "friendly" government of Spain. And the United States government pretends to be against armed insurrection everywhere in the world.

Workers of the world, we must wake up and let the governments know they must respect their own laws. Workers of the world, we must raise our voice in protest against the very governments who are all, openly or otherwise, aiding the Spanish fascists. Workers of the world, we must be ready to fight our own governments in taking the side of freedom and progress against fascism and reaction. We must do this, for in so doing we are not only helping our Spanish brothers but ourselves. They are fighting for all the peoples of the world. Their fight is our fight. We must see to it that arms and ammunitions go to the Spanish people. They are needed—Now.